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What Shall We Do With Our Dreams?

BY GEORGE HAMILTON COMBS

*Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient
unto the heavenly vision. Acts 26:19.*

PAUL, as persecutor, on the road to Damascus had a vision. Jacob, the fugitive, his head on a pillow of stones, had a dream. Dream and vision are one. Dreams, visions came to Joseph, came to Samuel, came to Isaiah, came to John. And they come to all mankind. They come to us. There's meaning in them. That to a degree they reveal character cannot be doubted. Esau, the clay man, could never have dreamed of a ladder leaning against the stars. Pilate, the trifier, could never have dreamed of Jesus speaking from the skies.

But dreams do more than reveal, they compel. Shaemus O'Sheel sings of "He whom a dream hath possessed." Men, strong men, are driven by a dream. Weightless as the spirit of a flower, dreams yet pile Himalayan ranges on the conscience. Composed of quickly dissolving images, sifting slowly through closed eyelids, they have yet the power to haunt and goad till the long, last sleep. "Birds of passage," indeed, but leaving, as they drop to earth, their footsteps in the sand; leaving as they wing their way through the air the silver of their song. Most of all, dreams command, and point out the way we should go.

Now what shall we do with our dreams? For the terrible part of the business is that we must do something. When they leave us they do not leave us as we were before their coming. They leave us with new insights, new deposits of obligations, new paths to be trodden, new tasks to be performed.

These visitations come through all the years. They come in childhood, in youth. No boy, no girl but is by the "vision splendid" attended. Of every youth you may say, "Behold, the dreamer cometh." Dreams come in the middle years, though they have lost the clearness of their baby eyes and are in staid garb. They come

when middle life is past and sometimes in the warm browns and dusty gold of autumn's leaves. They come even in life's winter, with their expanding horizons and their clearer though colder airs.

Yes, in all seasons and to all men dreams come. We may do one of several things to these dreams. We may be disobedient to these heavenly visions. Saul could have so done. He could have said "No." "Jesus of Nazareth, root up my past, go to Damascus, seek out one Ananias, become thy disciples? No!"

And we can say no, though seldom we do. Confronted by "the moment to decide, in the strife twixt truth and falsehood for the good or evil side," rarely do we outrightly choose the evil. Few men say, "Evil, be thou my god." A Faust may sell his soul to the devil in Goethe's dream, but rarely does it so happen in real life. A Herod may massacre the infants of Bethlehem, but few men slit the throats of their dream children or beat into pulp their tiny skulls.

TRAILING THE BANNER

Instead, the great majority, in first choices, feebly incline to the right. But, alas! to the majority soon comes the realization of the thorniness of the way, of the difficulty of measuring up to our dream levels. Then what? Do we renounce our dreams? No, but we suffer them to be yellowed by the clay of the ground, soiled by the soot of the air. Bearing in youth the banner of the ideal with its mystic device, "Excelsior," in the long, long race the hand that grasps the banner weakens and while never letting go of it suffers it to trail in the dust.

Seeing the banner trailing, instead of once more lifting it up, we suffer, even justify its trailing on the ground of—practicality. "Yes," we say, "we used to feel like that, head thrust among the stars, dreaming of utopias, but this is a practical world and in the thin air of dreams we die; no, we don't feel that way now." Into this pattern of the practical we try to fit even the teachings of our Lord, attempt to fit them in by holding them as ethereal things whose feet have no place on the common road. "The Sermon on the Mount?" Fine, we say, as a sermon on the mount, only keep it on the mount, it could not breathe freely on the street. "The Golden Rule?" Great for pulpit use, but give us for our workshops the rule of iron. Brotherhood? A splendid subject for the parson and the speaker at the Kiwanis club, but in daily business conduct it is "do others before they first do us."

Sometimes, our eyes on the bedraggled banner, we have twinges of regret and as a way of escape we say to others: "Yes, I'll admit my mistakes, I realize that I am not doing what I ought to do, am not the man I ought to be; I confess it, and a frank confession is good for the soul." Not always, not ever, if the "confession" be all. Soiled linen isn't made clean by the declaration of its dirtiness, it is made clean only by wetting it, soaping it, scrubbing it. No man gets well by simply saying, "I am a sick man, I confess it." A confession isn't a reformation. The great moment in the life of the prodigal son was not when his eyes were opened to his rags, but when he said, "I'll go back to my father's house"—and went.

Let us cease being so practical! Bring back the colors

to the men? No, bring up the men to the colors.

We may starve our dreams. The way of starvation is well marked. For centuries France had sought to conquer the Berbers, a hill tribe of Morocco, but in vain. The Berbers would go down in the plains, plunder, kill and then find refuge in their mountain fortresses, safe from French reprisals. A year or so ago France hit upon a new plan. She threw a cordon of soldiers around the Berber hills so that no food might come in, by bombardments kept the enemy from the springs, and starved them into submission. We may do this with our dreams, surround them with our materialities, starve them until they run up the white flag in abject surrender.

We may starve them through our forgetfulness. What is it that keeps Kipling's great "Recessional" alive? The gorgeous imagery? Its surging rhythm? These in part, but in primacy its insistent beat, "lest we forget." It should be the prayer not only of memorial days, but of all the days.

Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

How easy to forget, and how deadly is that forgetfulness! We forget our fathers' counsels, our mothers' prayers, the bright visions of our youth-time. We forget the high ambitions on whose strong wings we once were borne skyward. We forget the happiness that was ours when first we found our Lord. We forget the deep joy of the days when, as Christ's humble followers, we dutifully, unweariedly carried on, carried through. Yes, we forget and dreams unfed by memory languish and die.

We may starve our dreams through neglect. Simply through neglect businesses may be blighted, professional careers may be ruined, home life despoiled; churches pass, in that horrid phrase, into "innocuous desuetude," our house of dreams utterly despoiled.

THE SIN OF NEGLECT

To rob a house of loveliness we do not need to undermine its foundations with a pick, shatter its windows with a hammer, break down its doors with a crowbar. We have only to neglect it, to let it go unpainted, leave its foundations to slowly sag, allow its doors to creak, leave it to the rain, to the frost, to the spiders, to the dust. To damage the souls of our children we need not to teach them wrong lessons, we need only to leave them untaught.

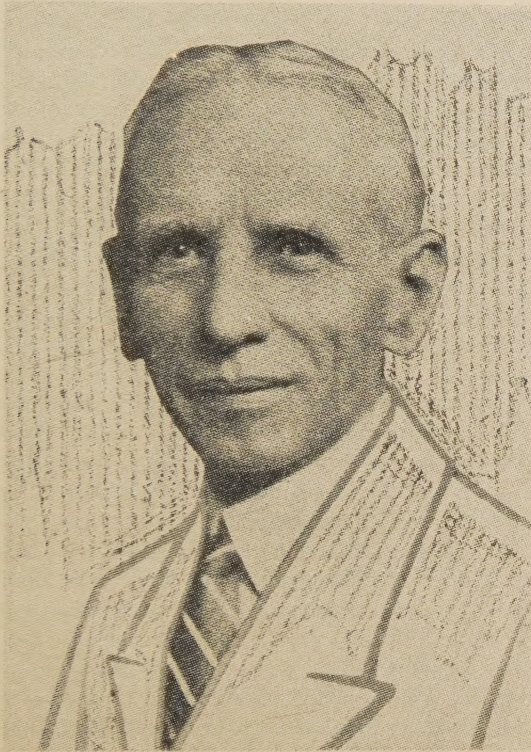
We may make the way hard for our aged parents, not through bitter word or undutiful deed, but by a course of conduct that shall make them feel that they don't quite "fit in," that they are not greatly wanted, that they are in the way. And all this we can make them feel just by our neglect.

Churches are languishing, churches are dying all over this land of ours, and wherever they are languishing, wherever dying, it is not through the assaults of their enemies, but through the neglect of their friends. Church rolls that should be as beautiful as old illuminated missals are scrawly and blotchy, not because the names on that roll stand for opposition to the church, but because they stand for nothing at all.

There are parts of New England that despite their

scenic beauties bring tears to your eyes through the spectacle of abandoned farm houses, abandoned farms. But more pathetic than the sight of abandoned farms and farm houses is the sight of our abandoned dreams. We didn't even put a "To Let" sign on them, we simply decamped.

We can starve our dreams by feeding them only dreams. For this is the queer thing about dreams—to live and grow, for all their ethereality, they require the solid food of deeds. Ambrosial viands alone can never nourish dreams. Visions, for their proper sustenance, must have the wine that is squeezed from the grapes of the earth-rooted vine and the corn that springs from the furrow.



GEORGE HAMILTON COMBS

Here is our common mistake. We have a vision of a ladder, angels ascending and descending. We have visions of a bleeding Macedonia, crying to us for help. We have visions of a parting sky and a finger pointing toward Damascus where we may learn what God would have us do. We have visions of a city of God come down to earth. And then instead of doing some climbing for ourselves up golden-runged ladders; instead of setting forth on the very morrow for Macedonia; instead of hastening to Damascus to seek out that Ananias who shall disclose to us God's plan for men; instead of laying the foundations, granite strong, on which may rest the golden-walled city that is from the skies, we do—what? We fall asleep and *dream about our dreams!*

Our common speech betrays us. Go to a man with a certain proposal calling for action and he will say, "Yes, I've thought about that. Yes, I've had it in my mind for a long time." He's thought about it, he's had it in his "mind," but he has never *done* anything about it.

We're all in danger of mistaking intellectual states

and emotional moods as ends in themselves, whereas they are only beginnings. We need nowadays and all the days the thunder of Carlyle's voice in our ears, "Produce, produce, though it be the infinitesimal fraction of a nothing, in God's name, produce."

A WORD TO PREACHERS

We preachers, among others, greatly need this monitory word. We have in our mind, for the churches we serve, an ideal church. We even go so far as to preach sermons on "The Church of My Dreams," a mainly noble, but sometimes too candified ideal. So far so good, but not good even "so far," if we spend our Mondays swapping stories with our fellow preachers, our Tuesdays fishing, our Wednesdays pottering over the coming Sunday's sermons—sermons into whose preparation should go sweat and blood—and filling up the remaining days of the week with the miscellany of trivialities. Yet even so we go to sleep at night with our heads on drugged pillows dreaming of the ideal church which we have done so little to bring into the world, dreaming of our dreams.

It isn't so much that through these deceptions our arteries become hard, it is that through these self-hood-winkings we grow soft, gross, disfigured by the fat of complacency, nerves shaken by senilities, bones that have semblance only to jelly. If I am laboring this thought overmuch it is because I am convinced that here my finger is on the pulse of a deadening fault. When we should know torturings of conscience, stabbings of sleeping spirits to their awakening, too often we are dreaming of our dreams.

We may obey our visions. This was the way of Paul. He might have gone over any one of these other roads. He could have chosen the way of disobedience. He could have said, no. He could have stained his dreams, for which he had vast excuse. Obedient at the beginning, journeying to Damascus to discover his Lord's will, having learned of that will and after his years of soul discipline in the desert beginning his apostolate, how easy in the beginning of that ministry when his fellow disciples mistrusted him, cold-shouldered him, held him as a rank outsider, to have said to himself, "The church does not give me its confidence, I will not thrust myself into its counsels. I'll be a Christian, certainly, I shall never deny my Lord, but I will *not* be his apostle to the gentiles. Instead, I'll go back to my native city and there will try to live as Jesus would have me live." Yes, it would have been easy to have so done. It is always easy to let banners trail in the dust.

I WAS NOT DISOBEDIENT

Paul could have starved his dreams. He could have forgotten the blinding vision. He could have neglected his high calling. He could have spent the remainder of his life musing upon the vision that had been given him and that summoning voice from the skies. But he did none of these things. Instead! Hear him. Years, years after that dream, before the haughty representative of Rome he declared: "Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision, but"—I obeyed it.

Brother men, I don't know what dreams have come

to you, but I know this: you ought to obey the vision and you can. The imperative of the ought is unchallengeable. The power of its accomplishment sleeps in your soul.

The soul can part the sky in two
And let the face of God shine through.

Track this man Saul. He made an unconditional surrender to his vision. And that surrender was both immediate and absolute. There was no postponement, no dallying. He went *straightway* to Damascus. Here is no man running away, turning his head now and then, to catch the baying of the pursuing "hounds of the Lord." Nor is here only a part capitulation. In an instant Saul faces about. In an instant the old loyalties slip from him and the new loyalties possess him. No piecemeal, patchwork thing, that conversion. No slow unfoldings of evolution's petals. It was outright revolution. It was as if thunder-crashes and lightning-blindings came from a clear sky. For, in a moment of time, Saul died and Paul was born; an old life ended, a new life began. So Paul never speaks or writes about conversion in the terms of gradualness, but as a cataclysmic change. When we become Christians we enter upon a "new" life. In view of the part-Christian training most of us received I would not stress the immediacy of the conversion process, for in the lives of most of us there are the faint stirrings of spring before the push of the summer, but I do stress its thoroughgoingness. It was a complete turning about face. The trouble with our churches today is that they are filled with only partly converted men and women. There has been no absolute break with the past. They did, indeed, outwardly, move out of Egypt, but their souls never forswore Egypt's onions. Only half-committed to Christ, they only half-heartedly strove to follow in the way. Their souls became as water when dangers arose and never to their enemies did they fling the bold defiance:

I will storm the black bastions of night,
I will tread where my vision has trod,
I will set in the darkness a light,
In the vastness, a God.

THE INDWELLING CHRIST

Saul secured enduringness for his vision by plucking it out of the sky and housing it in his own soul. Henceforth it was a vision not of something without him, but something within him. Christ spoke to him no more from the heavens but from the sanctuary of his own spirit. "Christ in me," he cried. "The indwelling Christ." That is what should be done with all our dreams. Leave the vision in the skies of memory and it will fade with the passing of the years. Get it within, in our blood streams, in the center of our thinking, in the hot cells of our living and it will outlast life. For dreams discarnate quickly die. They live only in flesh and blood.

And the best of all is that Saul, become Paul, was obedient to that vision unto death. It was no yea today and no tomorrow. It was no flicker of a comet. It was steady shine of a star. It was not the week after he had seen the vision but at life's close that he sang triumphantly of the fight he had fought, the faith he had kept, the course he had run. It was obedience unto death.

Life's significances, after all, are not in life's beginnings, but in life's endings. The fidelities that count are the fidelities that carry on and carry through. Markham had in him the pith of the matter when he sang:

Ah great it is to believe the dream
As we stand in youth by the starry stream,
But a greater thing is to fight life through
And say at the end, "the dream is true."

The Dogs of War

BY EDGAR DEWITT JONES

Beware of the dogs. Philippians 3:2.

THERE are more than forty references in the Bible to dogs and with one exception these allusions are contemptuous. There is a reason for this. The dog of the far east is not the noble animal that we know and love, but a scavenger, slinking, treacherous. When Goliath saw David approaching him without armor or sword he cried: "Am I a dog, that thou comest unto me with staves?" When Shimei cursed David and threw stones at him in the hour of the shepherd king's humiliation, one of his bodyguard said to him: "Why should this dead dog curse my lord the king?" The one possible exception to this use of the term "dog" in the Scriptures is found in Ecclesiastes, in a wail of materialism when the author wrote: "A living dog is better than a dead lion." In the scripture which stands at the head of this sermon the term "dog" is used figuratively, and may mean any kind of sinister influence that threatens the welfare of man and society.

A further word about this topic, "The Dogs of War." All my ministerial life I have tried to be a peacemaker. I have never wittingly said anything in public or private that would make it more difficult for the peoples of the various races to live together harmoniously. I have endeavored to keep the peace of the churches and to do what I could for the reunion of the divided house of God. I have tried to make peace between the various schools of theology, and I have never been a party to any division in a local congregation. In world affairs I have followed the path of peace, with one exception—when, in 1917, after a period of soul agony I supported the government in the world war. I did so because I thought it was a "war to end war." Subsequent events have shown me that it is not possible to end war by war. War engenders strife; war releases hates; war makes a just peace impossible. Precisely what was in the apostle's mind when he counseled "Beware of the dogs" I do not know, some pernicious evil we may believe. I am well within the spirit of the text when I raise the warning cry: "Beware of the dogs of war."

I

Beware of the vicious watchdogs of a narrow nationalism! Little wonder that Bishop McConnell asked the question, "How can patriotism be saved?" Or that old Dr. Samuel Johnson defined patriotism as "the last refuge of a scoundrel." Nothing is easier than to blind the people to individual iniquity and political skullduggery by the appeal to patriotism, and a one hundred per

cent nationalism. Mr. Edward Shillito, distinguished English journalist, has written a book entitled "Nationalism, Man's Other Religion." He traces with deadly accuracy the misuses and abuses of patriotism, so-called, and the subversion of religion by the nation to its own purposes. He shows how astute political leaders have used the churches in support of policies that could not possibly be reconciled with the spirit of either Judaism or Christianity. Mr. Shillito makes use of a phrase that is startling: "Christ has been made the parasite of nationalism." What a terrible indictment, and alas how true!

Beware of the savage watchdogs of nationalism! Once the danger was the domination of the state by the church, now the peril is the domination of the church by the nation. Some time ago Professor Douglas Macintosh, educator and widely known churchman, applied for citizenship in this country, he being a Canadian by birth. When it came to taking the oath in which one agrees to support the nation in arms if occasion should require, Professor Macintosh hesitated and requested that he might qualify the oath to the effect that he would support the nation in any war that his conscience would approve. The local judge refused to grant citizenship papers to the professor and the case was carried to the supreme court where it was decided by a vote of five to four that Dr. Macintosh could not become an American citizen under such conditions. The dissenting opinion written by Chief Justice Hughes was a magnificent defense of soul liberty and the supremacy of conscience. Could Jesus qualify as an American citizen under this ruling? I wonder!

The extreme nationalism of the Jewish nation is illustrated by many incidents in Old and New Testament history. Jonah is a good example of a one hundred per cent Jew who, when sent to preach the mercies of God to the people of another race, ran away from duty, and when brought up by a sharp crucial episode, set out to proclaim the doom of Nineveh, and having done so secured a "ringside seat" where he could enjoy seeing the destruction of the city. When the people repented he was woefully disappointed and it became necessary for the Lord to take him in hand again. The book of Jonah is the most powerful tract of all times against a narrow nationalism, and in behalf of international amity. Jesus rebuked the extreme nationalism of his fellow countrymen. His global-mindedness cut straight across the jingoism of his day, and helped to send him to the cross at the hands of the intense nationalists who flourished in and about Jerusalem. "Patriotism is not enough," never was nor can be "enough."

II

Beware of the yelping curs of lying propaganda! Wars cannot be fought without falsehood. In war-time a premium is put upon lying. Every nation deliberately lies about the enemy nations. In 1928 there appeared a little book that is packed with dynamite. "Falsehood in War-Time" is the title, and Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, now a member of the British house of lords, wrote it. It is a calm, dispassionate study of the so-called atrocities of the world war. One after another they are shown to have been false—"the crucified Canadian," "the

corpse factory," "the cutting off of babies' hands"—they are all listed in this volume and shown to be the work of clever propagandists. The medal that was supposed to have been struck off by Germany in celebration of the sinking of the Lusitania is shown to be a forgery on the part of the enemies of Germany. Fabricating and disseminating falsehoods was a most important part of the world war. The best minds available were commandeered; enormous sums of money were expended and there were let loose upon the world the yelping dogs of lying propaganda.

Can we ever forget the shock in our own communities during the period of the war when falsehood passed



EDGAR DEWITT JONES

for truth and fellow citizens whom we had admired for years were stigmatized as "traitors," "unpatriotic," "German sympathizers," and put under surveillance. In the town where I was then residing there was a German candy manufacturer, a man of very high ideals, whose influence had always been on the side of right. One day the wicked word flashed over our town that this man was a German spy. It was so palpably a lie that correction was made as soon as possible, but nothing could undo the harm that had already been done. The yelping curs ran down the streets and through the parks and into the homes of the people inciting trouble, provoking hate. Little children in the public schools became war-minded, and were nervously tortured by the terrible stories of the enemy and his desperate doings. The spirit of falsehood infected the churches of Christ the Swordless Sovereign, tainted many a pulpit, saturated in a venomous solution many of the so-called saints.

Greater hurt than the physical suffering caused by war is the spiritual and moral hurt done the souls of

men and women and little children by these yelping curs of lying propaganda. Never shall I forget when the dogs of war barked their way into my own home. It was after this nation had gone into the world conflict and all over the land the martial note was in the air. Flaming posters, monster meetings, the tramp, tramp of marching men along the streets. At such a time two of my children came home from school one day, a girl of ten and a boy of eight. They stood before me like a committee, stiff and unsmiling. "Father," they said, "we want that German flag." For just a moment I was puzzled, then I recalled that I had brought back from Europe several years before a cluster of little flags representing the nations I had visited, and one of them was the flag of the German empire. I made some excuse on the ground that I was not sure I could find the flags, but those youngsters were adamant. "We want that German flag," they repeated. I found it for them, delivered it to the little girl and watched curiously as they went out of doors and around the house to the backyard. And from the window I saw this thing happen: The little girl tore the tiny flag into strips and broke the pencil-like flagstaff into many pieces, then the little boy struck a match and touched the flame to the torn fabric. The little girl dropped the blazing mass and the children watched it until it was consumed and then the boy scooped out a shallow grave with his foot, shoved the ashes into the grave, covered them up and then stamped on it. I saw the red in the cheeks of these children, perceived a fierce light in their eyes, and I knew then that the war had come to my own home.

III

Beware of the ruthless bloodhounds of racial antagonisms! How noisily they bay and track down their victims in war-time. Everything that was German was an object of hate in the America of 1917-18. Classes in German in high schools and colleges were disbanded. Teachers of the German language were penalized, and woe betide anyone whose name was German in those terrible days. In the church of which I was minister during the "dog-days" of the world war there was a man whose name was Keiser, a peaceloving citizen, a gracious and kindly gentleman. How he suffered because of that name! Looking back now upon those days, I wonder that he did not change it. If he was traveling and registered at a hotel the clerk would read the name and lifting his eyebrows look at him as if to say: "Queer that you should have such a devilish name as this." If he was introduced to a stranger it was likely there would be an embarrassing pause or a base innuendo, and all because this man's name was pronounced the same as the title of the German emperor.

Racial antagonisms yield readily to the lurid propaganda of war days. With the bloodhounds of racial hostility in full pursuit of their victims the parable of the Good Samaritan seemed strangely out of place. The teaching of the greatest of the apostles, that God hath made of one all nations of the earth, appears to be farcical or a fairy story. Comparatively few of us strive to rise above racial prejudices. A churchwoman once said to me: "I try to be a Christian but I simply can't stand a Jew or a Negro." To a multitude the sight of a Japa-

nese or a Chinese awakens antagonism. A skin different from our own, customs and ideas unlike those in which we have been brought up—how these disturb us and cause resentment. We are so unfair in our racial animosities. We judge a people by a few disagreeable individuals and pronounce that race inferior. An American general once made the remark that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian." Such a statement is unchristian to the core, because it is untrue, unfair and unjust. And how the dogs of war play havoc with these pet aversions, prejudices and passions. Down this open trail the whole yelping pack swoops, certain of their quarry.

These ruthless bloodhounds of racial antagonism are never so numerous or so inflammatory as in time of war. Every racial weakness is magnified by the enemy, every racial virtue minimized and blurred when the dogs of war have slipped their leash. The Jew, the German, the Italian, the Greek, the Mexican, the American, whoever is the enemy, must perforce be the object of venomous attacks. Think of the diabolical use we made of the words "Hun" and "swine" during the world war. Recall such motion pictures as "The Hun Within" and those terrible war books that painted the enemy as an archfiend, such as "The Beast of Berlin." Terrible hounds these, bloodthirsty brutes, relentless as they track down their victims. Beware of the dogs of war.

IV

Beware of the wolfish mongrels of war extravagance! When war comes money is spent with wild prodigality. The wolfish mongrels bark: "Give! Give! Give! Spend! Spend! Give!" The cost of war is titanic. The figures are colossal. They cannot be comprehended. I have seen no summary of the awful cost of the world war so arresting as that made by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, head of Columbia university. He gives this estimate:

"The world war, all told, cost—apart from 30 million lives—400 billion dollars. With that money we could have built a \$2,500 house, furnished it with \$1,000 worth of furniture, placed it on five acres of land worth \$100 per acre and given this home to each and every family in the United States, Canada, Australia, England, Wales, Ireland, Scotland, France, Belgium, Germany and Russia. We could have given to every city of 20,000 inhabitants and over, in each country named, a five-million-dollar library, and a ten-million-dollar university. Out of what was left we could have set aside a sum at five per cent that would provide a \$1,000 yearly salary for an army of 125,000 teachers and a like salary for 125,000 nurses."

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts.

Talk about the money we have spent in behalf of the new deal and the welfare of our own people! It is a small sum when compared with the colossal cost of our participation in the world war. The huge sums that we are now spending on welfare are expended to save life; the vast sums we spent in war were to destroy life. There are some things even more important than bal-

ancing the budget, and that is the saving of human life and conserving the great values of manhood, womanhood and childhood—the stuff that must go into the fiber of future home and school and state.

Who can estimate the awful waste of talents, genius, personality—the cutting off in their glorious prime of a Joyce Kilmer, a Rupert Brooke, an Alan Seeger, a Donald Hankey, and a host of unnamed potential poets, scientists, preachers, philosophers, physicians, writers, dramatists, inventors, engineers, explorers, statesmen? The dogs of war are respecters of persons. They hunt down the fairest and the best. They spare no one save the old and the infirm and the ailing and the unfit. Try to compute the possibilities in brains, affections, spiritual values, of the millions dead in the war that devastated society from 1914 to 1918! “Give not that which is holy to the dogs,” said Jesus.

Beware of the whole pack of mad dogs crazed by the lust to kill. No wonder that those American boys fresh from the farm and small towns experienced a revulsion when they were introduced to bayonet practice in the cantonments, where they were being trained for overseas duty. Behold the picture! Suspended from a cross-piece were these swaying dummies to represent human beings, and with bayonets fixed the boys were taught the fine art of disemboweling. I recall a happening in a Texas cantonment. I was to speak to three hundred young soldiers but recently arrived. Just before I spoke, a “Y” secretary arose and announced that a Bible class would be organized and asked how many wanted to join it. A tall gangling boy from Oklahoma, clear-eyed, open-faced, blurted out: “Bible class, hell! Why, the Bible teaches us not to kill. Let’s get through with this business of murdering people before we study the Bible.” Nobody laughed outright, a few snickered, and a painful silence ensued, broken by the “Y” secretary saying, “Let us pray.” During that silence there was a lot of sober thinking. I fancy every other man present felt like going up to that young Oklahoma lad and saying: “Congratulations, old man, you spoke the truth,” but nobody did so and for obvious reasons.

It is not surprising that men returning from overseas duty were reluctant to talk about the war. The reality of war is stark, repulsive, horrible. Was it not Dr. Charles E. Jefferson who declared that “the heroisms of war are but the rays of sunlight shining on an ocean of tears and blood”? War releases the spirit of animalism. Men revert to the red and the raw of the brute. The heroism of brave deeds and chivalry, while not lacking, is more than offset by the grim, stark, beastly animalism that war fomented and feeds. Beware of the dogs of war!

V

Behold the havoc all about us. The dogs of war have made the Christian missionary enterprise look like a holy humbug. The dogs of war have made Christian unity appear as a utopian fantasy. The dogs of war have made world brotherhood to resemble a scene in the shambles. The dogs of war have made the Sermon on the Mount seem to be the vagaries of a mad dreamer living in a fool’s paradise. The dogs of war have made our “blue heaven” something worse than the blackest

hell. Old Ben Franklin was right when he wrote: “There never was a good war nor a bad peace.”

“Preacher talk,” you say. “Red-blooded men don’t talk that way.” Very well. What do some of the military men think of the dogs of war? Let us hear from General John F. O’Ryan, late of the United States army and former police commissioner of New York city. “Is it justifiable for Christians to take part in war? Frankly, I do not think it is. . . . My wife is a Methodist, and I am a Catholic. She asked me, ‘How can you reconcile war with your Christian principles?’ I replied, ‘I don’t.’” General Smedley D. Butler, former marine corps officer, “Old Gimlet Eye,” a picturesque personality, speaking at an Armistice day service last year, told the Congregation B’Nai Jeshurun of New York: “The churches pepped up the boys in 1917. The next time the people who believe in God cannot preach that war is a holy crusade. It is not. It’s the greatest curse of the civilized world, the greatest international racket.” A British admiral, speaking to the churches of Great Britain about war, said: “Your business is to make my business impossible.”

When generals talk like this, privates may get ready to unpack their old kit bags and preachers to “ground arms.” Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, haunted by the ghost of the Unknown Soldier, has vowed a vow to exterminate the dogs of war. Twelve thousand of his fellow ministers have said over their signatures that they are through petting the dogs of war. John Haynes Holmes pronounced a curse on the dogs of war in 1917 and an avalanche of abuse failed to change his convictions. Bishop Paul Jones lost his bishopric during the mad days of 1917-18 because he was an avowed enemy of the dogs of war. Since then he has come within one vote of getting his bishopric back. But his low opinion of the war dogs is unchanged. The dogs of war are losing friends fast. Against these war dogs are the League of Nations, the Pact of Paris, and the World Court, and the declarations of hundreds of conventions, assemblies and conferences of American churches.

Upon myriad tongues today is the warning cry: “Beware of the dogs of war!” It is well, for, to paraphrase a famous saying of Dean Swift: “He who pulls the fangs of the dogs of war and thereby makes one soldier suffice where there were fifty before, deserves more of mankind than all the famed ‘conquerors’ put together.”

The Disciples Number

The ministers whose sermons appear in this issue were selected, not by the Editor of The Christian Century Pulpit, but as a result of a ballot sent to the more than 6,000 ministers listed in the Disciples year book. These ministers were asked to name the preachers whom they would like to have represent their denomination in this special Disciples Number. The Christian Century Pulpit honors itself in extending its hospitality to these great preachers whom their brethren have delighted thus to honor.

Entering Into Life

By A. W. FORTUNE

And he said unto him, Why askest thou me concerning that which is good? One there is who is good: but if thou wouldest enter into life, keep the commandments. Matthew 19:17.

THE first chapter of a recent book, "The Reason for Living," by Robert Russell Wicks, has the title "Why Live?" In the opening paragraph he says a young man who came to him to talk about his problems made this significant confession: "The trouble with me is I have no reason for living. I see other young people who seem to exist without any reason. They simply desire to obtain work to earn money to buy things to have a good time. An aimless existence is fit for an animal, but a man needs a reason and I have none." Most of us are like that young man in one respect at least: we are not satisfied with mere existence; we want life.

The subject of this sermon, "Entering Into Life," is suggested by the reply of Jesus to the question of a young man concerning life. As Jesus and his disciples were walking along the way a young man of wealth and prominence came to him and asked what he should do to have eternal life. He was eager, for he came running. He was humble, for he kneeled before Jesus. While the young man asked about eternal life Jesus answered in terms of life which is more significant, for it includes the present as well as the future. We are interested in that question, for there is none more important that we could ask. We are interested in the answer, because it was given by the one who understood life and could speak with authority.

There are many who are not entirely satisfied with life. They have tried in various ways to find satisfaction, but they feel there is something lacking. There are many who are disappointed with life and are not certain that it is worth while. The most tragic calamity that could come would be to miss life itself.

There are many things that are important for the one who would enter into life, but there are some things that are essential. It was these essential things that Jesus emphasized in his reply to the question of the young man.

KEEP THE COMMANDMENTS

Jesus said: "If thou wouldest enter into life, keep the commandments." The young man, somewhat surprised at the answer, said, "Which?" In reply Jesus mentioned those commandments which are not only the basis of character but are also the foundation of a lasting civilization. He said: "Thou shalt not kill, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness, Honor thy father and thy mother: and, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." There is a tendency today to be afraid of commandments and to be a little surprised that Jesus gave that answer. He could not have given any other answer. He said you must in the first place do your duty to your God and to your fellow men, and you cannot enter into life unless you are willing to do that.

Most of the things Jesus mentioned have a negative

aspect, and he would perhaps emphasize those same things if he were speaking to us today. If we would enter into life we must recognize the restraining influence of commandments. We could not live together in society if it were not for these restraining regulations. The one who owns an auto and drives it finds himself confronted on every hand by restraining commandments. While these might seem to hamper him they in reality give him freedom and life. The one who would really live in a social order like ours must keep the commandments which confront him on every hand. When these commandments are ignored there is chaos instead of life.

Perhaps one of the greatest needs in our day is a revival of emphasis on the old-fashioned commandments. Many young people, and their elders as well, have interpreted their liberty in terms of license. The frequent murders and thefts and immoralities are evidences of that fact. We are apt to think we enter into life when we ignore commandments, but we soon find that we are on the wrong road.

The attitude of the young man toward the commandments was important and Jesus watched him to see what his reaction would be. If he had recoiled from these, that would have indicated that there was something in his nature that prevented him from entering into life. When the young man replied, "All these have I observed," Jesus knew that he had a serious purpose, and looking upon him he loved him.

COMMITMENT TO AN UNSELFISH CAUSE

But keeping the commandments did not constitute life, and the young man had discovered that in his own experience. After he had stated that he had observed the commandments he asked the significant question—"What lack I yet?" Keeping the commandments is an essential for entering into life, but that does not constitute life. Life is found in the second mile rather than in the first. In keeping the commandments he had only done what was required of him, and he realized that life was something more than that. One cannot enter into life by merely keeping commandments. The young man had tried it and had failed, and he was not surprised when Jesus said, "One thing thou lackest." He was surprised, however, when Jesus told him what that one thing was.

The second requirement for entering into life is to find some great unselfish cause and commit one's self to it without reservation. Jesus put this bluntly to the young man: "Go, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor." That statement has been perplexing to many, for they have been too literal in their interpretation. It is evident that Jesus was not giving a commandment that was to be slavishly followed, for that would not harmonize with the rest of his teachings. He was doing something far more important than that. He was stating a fundamental principle of life, a principle that he had verified in his own experience. He was placing before the young man a challenge rather than giving him a commandment. He said, If you want to find life, forget about commandments and rules and consecrate yourself and all you have to some great unselfish cause.

The wisdom of that statement has been verified in the

experience of multitudes. As one observes people one must be convinced that it is not always those who have the most money who get the most out of life. Call the roll of those who have lived the abundant life and you will mention the names of those who were in the grip of some great cause that lifted them above commandments. Edward W. Bok in "Dollars Only" tells the story of a number of the leading men of America who gave up their business and devoted themselves to great unselfish causes with the result that they found the abundant life. In the last chapter he tells of his own experience six years after he retired from his editorial position to serve humanity without remuneration. He said: "I have had six years of unexampled activity, bet-



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ter health, more vigor at the end than at the beginning, and a satisfaction with life not known before."

Sir Wilfred Grenfell has given himself without reservation for the people of Labrador and he has found the abundant life. When he was a young doctor facing the future he heard the challenge, Sell what thou hast and give to the neglected fishermen of Labrador and you shall find life. He accepted that challenge and he was not deceived. After he had given thirty-five years of unselfish service he was lecturing in England, and referred to the call which came to him in the tent meeting conducted by Dwight L. Moody. He said: "There is the terrible fact that if I had not heard the call of Christ in the tent that day I might possibly have been a physician in Harley street, being driven about in my Rolls-Royce! I would not have lost the opportunity of going to Labrador for anything."

We are gripped by the sentiment which Countee Cullen put in his poem, "I Have a Rendezvous With Life." We are sometimes haunted by the fear, which he ex-

pressed in the closing lines, that we will fail to keep that rendezvous. The young man said, I have observed the commandments, but I have failed to keep life's rendezvous. Jesus said: There is something that you lack. Find some great unselfish cause that needs you and give yourself to it.

Many young people, and older ones too, would be compelled to give a very different answer from that the young man gave. They would be compelled to say: We have broken many of the commandments in our endeavor to keep life's rendezvous, but we have been disappointed; what is it that we lack? To such Jesus would say: You have been on the wrong road. You missed the way when you broke the commandments. The thing you need is to commit yourself without reservation to some great unselfish cause, and in doing this you will find yourself and will be led to keep the commandments and will enter into life. It is when we lose our lives that we find them.

FOLLOWING JESUS

If one would enter into life something else is needed in addition to keeping the commandments and consecrating one's self to an unselfish cause. That something else is the most important of all, for it is the inspiration of the rest. Jesus indicated what it was when he said to the young man, "And come, follow me."

It is difficult to keep the commandments from a sense of duty, but one is obligated to keep them even if there is no higher motive than duty. One will keep the commandments more faithfully if there is some inspiration and power within that lifts him above them. If the principles that find expression in the commandments are dominant in one's life he will observe them without even thinking about them. Jesus sought to lift men above commandments by bringing them under the domination of something that is more compelling than rules and regulations. He said he came not to destroy the law or the prophets, but to fulfill them. He came not to take the commandments out of the way, or to make them less binding. He came to fulfill them by helping men to keep them without the feeling of restraint.

There are two ways according to which one may live a noble life. He may be driven by a power without, and there have been many noble lives that have been lived in conformity to the stern demands of law. We may call that puritanical and speak disparagingly of it, but it is better to be puritanical than to disregard law and give way to license. There is a higher method, however, and that is to be led by a power within. This inspires one to do what he ought to do because it is the thing he wants to do. Jesus loved the young man and was anxious that he should enjoy perfect life; he was anxious that he should be led rather than driven, hence he said, "Come, follow me." He wants us to have that inner force which will give us victory over law, hence he says to us, Come, follow me.

The one who follows Jesus naturally consecrates himself in an unselfish way to a great cause. The spirit of Jesus has been the inspiration of the philanthropies of the world. It is no accident that the support of the churches is sought in financial campaigns for Red Cross, Community Chest, and other philanthropic agencies. It is the church people to a large extent who support these

agencies which are seeking to relieve suffering and uplift humanity. The one who follows Jesus cannot live a selfish life. He cannot be content to eat his bread while others are hungry. He is sensitive to the cry of need. Like his Master, he is moved with compassion.

A glance over the past or the present makes it evident that it has been the followers of Christ that have given themselves most unselfishly to great humanitarian causes. Paul responded at once to the call of the man of Macedonia because he was a bond-servant of Christ. He wanted to go to Rome and pay the debt he owed, a debt which the vision of Christ had placed upon him. A host of men and women have given up the blessings of a Christian civilization and have gone thousands of miles to live among backward peoples. They have sold whatsoever they had and given to these peoples, and they have done this because they have been following Christ. Men and women have renounced positions and attractive surroundings and have gone down into the slums to live and serve, and it is because they have been following Christ that they have been led to do this. Kagawa would not have given himself to the poor of Japan if it had not been that he was following Christ.

THE WAY OUT FOR THE NATIONS

The greatest need of the world is that people shall follow Jesus. It is the greatest need of individuals. If we follow Jesus we will keep the commandments. If we follow Jesus, instead of living for self we will live for others. If we follow Jesus we will enter into life.

The greatest need of the nations is that the peoples shall follow Jesus, for the will of the nation is the will of the men and women who compose the nation. The nations are seeking life but they are in danger of choosing the ways that lead to death. If the peoples follow Jesus, the nations will keep the commandments. That means that there will be no more war, for war kills. That means that the strong nation shall not take what belongs to the weak nation, for that is stealing. If the peoples keep the commandments, the nations will seek each other's good, for the nations are neighbors and the commandment is—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

If the people follow Jesus, the nation will give itself in service to others. That would work radical changes in the international situation. It would make international conferences on any subject that concerned the nations not only possible but natural. Results would be expected, for instead of each nation thinking of itself, it would think of the common good. If the people would follow Jesus, the nations would enter into life.

The greatest need of society is that the people shall follow Jesus, for the people determine the social order. The various classes that compose the social order are seeking life, but they are seeking it selfishly and they fail to find it. If the people follow Jesus these classes will keep the commandments. That will end economic war, for that means to kill and to steal. To keep the commandments means that each class shall seek the good of the others, for they are neighbors and the commandment is—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

If the people follow Jesus the various classes which compose the social order will devote themselves without reservation to the common good. Instead of form-

ing blocs to get something for themselves, they will form blocs to make themselves more effective in helping to build a better world. If we were all seeking the common good it would not be so difficult to find a solution for our problems.

What we want is life. That is what we want as individuals. It is what we want as classes in the social order. It is what we want as nations. It is what the world wants. Jesus is speaking to us as he did to the young man. He says: If you would enter into life, keep the commandments; commit yourself without reservation to some great worthy cause; and come, follow me.

What I Believe In

BY BURRIS JENKINS

Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief. Mark 9:24.

FRRIENDS have asked me to make a positive statement of the things I definitely believe in. Very well. I believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ, his Son and our Savior; I believe in man, the child of God; I believe in the church, God's messenger; I believe in the communion of saints; the resurrection and the life everlasting. You see, I can almost recite the creed of orthodoxy. However, you will have to permit me to define my terms.

I

I believe in God. I do not believe that this world could have made itself, nor this solar system, nor all this universe. It looks to me too well ordered, too harmonious, too purposeful to have sprung into being without a directing mind, a planner and a plan. The mathematical accuracy of the movements of the spheres could never have just happened. A powerful and a perfect intelligence must somewhere reside in the shadows keeping watch above his own. The starry heavens fill us all with awe, with reverence, with belief in the Almighty and Everlasting and Supreme. Not less than the heavens am I impressed with the wonderful piece of work called man. That you and I should be here speculating today about our origin, our maker, and our future destiny presents in itself a thing so rare and fine as to indicate, behind this beautiful machine called the human mind, a machine with life and vitality in it, a maker similar in constitution to humanity. The further we go in our scientific researches, in our knowledge of this universe and all the wonder of its revelation, the surer becomes our approach to the conclusion that there is a God. The leading scientists of today, more than in any other day in history, unite in believing in a God. More and more is fulfilled that wise saying, "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God."

Now I admit to every man his right to define his God in his own terms, to attempt the well-nigh impossible task of imagining his God as best he may; and for myself I claim the right to picture my God in any way comprehensible to my own mind. I picture him in Jesus Christ.

II

To me Jesus is the revelation, the personification, the picture of God. What Christ was, that God is. If God had set out to make a photograph of himself to send to us human beings, it seems to me reasonable that he would have had that photograph taken in a human form, because we can all understand a human being. We might not comprehend, all of us, any other form of picture that God might make of himself. Indeed we do not understand his other photographs—the sunrise, the sunset, mountains and the sea, the storm and the volcano, the march of history, the movements of nations; but we do all understand a human being. That is the work of art we can all appreciate. That is the book we can all



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read. Perfectly natural to my mind, therefore, that if God tried to reveal himself in all humanity, especially in the highest types of humanity, he would reveal himself preeminently and supremely in the one highest type of all, Jesus of Nazareth.

It follows then that, just as I believe in the life of Jesus as a picture of the life of God, so must I believe in the teaching of Jesus as the basis of human ethics. What is morals? What is right and wrong? What is the final standard of morality? What is the basis of ethics? The philosophers debate about it, and Lincoln Steffens tells us that he spent three years in European universities listening to the ablest men and trying to find a basis of ethical conduct. He came home without having found it. Morals differ in different times and in different parts of the world. The sense of what is right and wrong changes from time to time and country to country. I find no philosophy which lays down a final standard of what is right and wrong always and every-

where, except in the spirit and teaching of Jesus in his Golden Rule and Sermon on the Mount. Jesus is none too specific about the debated codes of conduct, but he is specific about the principles of right and wrong; and it is my firm belief that until we begin to practice his principles we shall not construct a decent society anywhere in the world, shall not find a way to peace and a world state, shall not lift ourselves out of depression and give hope and happiness to all mankind. I believe in Jesus as the supreme moralist, economist, sociologist; in other words, I believe in Jesus as the Savior of mankind.

III

I believe in man, his kinship to the Almighty and Eternal, his inherent goodness, and his possibilities. I do not believe in the fall of man. As Alexander Procter used to say, "If there was a fall of man, it was a fall upward." I believe in the steady growth of man from a prehistoric animal to the degree of civilization he has now attained, and the higher degree to which he can and will attain. One can easily grow pessimistic as one regards the failures of man, his weaknesses, his crimes, his selfish overriding of his fellows, his wars; but by distinct efforts one can maintain one's optimism, one's hope for man, as Robert Browning so bravely and beautifully maintained his. If I did not believe in the essential goodness of man, and that it is possible to save him to a better life than he has yet lived, I do not see how it would be worth while to continue making efforts at social reform, at international friendship, at literature, music, art, or striving toward any beautiful and aspiring end and aim.

IV

I believe in the church universal, all denominations of it, Catholic and Protestant and Jewish. I believe in it because it is the only institution, faulty as it is, which has been created to keep God and Jesus alive in the world, to hold up God's picture, and to propagate God's words and teaching. It has failed time and again to be faithful to its task; it has gone off into side issues; it has emphasized wrong angles of vision; it has been guilty of wrong action and utterly twisted and perverted aims; nevertheless with all its faults I love it and believe in it still, because it is the chief dwelling place on earth of my Master and my Savior. Some say that the spirit of Christ is about to desert the churches and take up its dwelling place elsewhere. Very well, when it does I shall follow the Christ out of the church and shall stay with Christ, if I can, wherever he sets up his abode. But up to now, I don't see any other place that he has made clearly and definitely his residence. He visits other places, welfare associations, mercy hospitals, university settlements, social experiment stations, interracial movements, peace temples and tribunals; but he only visits them. When I find that he settles down to live exclusively in any one of these caravanseries I shall go and register in the same establishment and try to live there. Up to the present moment, however, I find him living in the church more than anywhere else; and I am so unalterably attached to him, so pin my faith and hope upon him, that I shall stay in the church until it falls.

I do not believe in the senseless sects into which the

church has fallen. The denominations of Christianity represent the human frailties of the church, the price we have to pay for any man-made institution. I believe therefore in a free church, a community church, loyal to the person of Christ and to no other less important denominational aims and creedal statements.

Now I do not undertake to define the Christ any more specifically than I have already done. I refuse to be drawn into any theological speculations about his essence and being, about his divinity or deity. Those words cannot mean the same thing for any two persons. I must allow every other man to draw his own outline of the face and person of his Christ; and I must be allowed to draw upon my own imagination of him in the only way I can. We immediately get into trouble, we cause strife and separation and bad blood, whenever we begin to make definitions and propositions about him. I believe in him; I tie to him; I will not allow any theologian to shake me loose from him; my loyalty and devotion to him stand as the supreme things in my life; no mere man is powerful enough to loosen my fingers from the grip I have on the hem of his garment.

V

From belief in God and Christ, I pass irresistibly to belief in immortality. Call it resurrection if you like; call it the survival of personality after death; I believe in it with all my heart and soul. I am not here concerned with any line of reasoning, any intimations of immortality; I am here stating results of reflection. If there is a God, if there is Christ, there must be an endless life. What form it will take, just what consciousness, just what personality, just what result of creative living in this present life, I have no way of knowing and therefore can make no statement. I just believe in the life everlasting, that much and no more. I cannot believe in everlasting punishment nor everlasting pain for anybody, nor the sufferings and perplexities of this life continued into an eternity. I believe that whatever we find in the future, behind the veil, beyond the river, will be good, good for each one and good for all. If there is a God, then finally all things must be good.

Now I believe in a great many other things, the outgrowth of these cardinal beliefs according to the working of my mind; but all the rest is subsidiary, comparatively unimportant. I do not set out here to state my full system of beliefs. Every man must make up his mind for himself on a thousand and one questions; or, better still, should keep his mind in suspense about most of the questions that humanity cannot help thinking about; but the things that I have stated seem to me fundamental—at least they are fundamental to me. If I believed differently about them they would affect all the rest of my thinking. I accord to every other man the right to think differently even upon these fundamentals; and I can have no quarrel with him if he thinks differently from me. Every man thinks pretty much as he cannot help but think. For myself, all my thinking is colored by these five fundamentals.

MY CREED

I believe then in God the creator, who must be a good God, nothing less than a father to mankind. I believe

in Jesus Christ his son, so supremely like him as to be called his only Son. I believe in the life and spirit of Jesus, his gentleness and his strength, his tolerance and understanding, his sympathy and love; I believe in him as the picture of the Father. I believe in his moral guidance as the only hope and salvation for a distracted world. I find no other basis of ethics except in his teaching and example. I believe in his church as his press bureau, the source of news about him, the fountain of propaganda. I believe that it may be superseded some day by a better means of broadcasting his teaching and his life; but it has not yet been superseded, and until it is definitely and finally set aside, I propose to continue reporting for it. Last of all, I believe in unending life such as he told us about, abundant life full and free, beginning here and going on forever. I believe it will be good for all of us, a reunion with Christ and God and with all those whom we have loved and lost. This is my creed.

Who Lives In You?

BY RAPHAEL H. MILLER

I have been crucified with Christ; and it is no longer I that live, but Christ liveth in me; and that life which I now live in the flesh I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself up for me. Galatians 2:20.

CHRISTIANITY is an "I" and "me" religion. Like charity it "begins at home." But also it is a "you" and "yours" religion. It moves out under social imperatives. This is the day of social emphasis, of mass movements, of class consciousness, of nationalism. Rugged individualism gives place to yet more rugged socialism. An agitated world throws the pendulum beyond the arc of balanced thinking and the hands of divided endeavor do not match the hour. Individualistic Christianity failed just because it was individualistic and nothing more. It was self-centered rather than Christ-centered. It was ingrowing rather than outgoing. To that type of religion the kingdom of heaven was "in the air" rather than to be realized here and now on earth.

The old evangelism concerned itself almost exclusively with the relations between man and God. The new evangelism seems likely to concern itself almost exclusively with the relations between man and man. Thus the antithesis between individual and social salvation is not resolved.

INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY

The devastating sin from which the world now is gathering bitter fruitage is the sin of social irresponsibility. But the temptation of social reform is to disregard the complete nature of the individual and to neglect his full rights. Also the individual is tempted to depend on social effort to do for him what he is unwilling to do for himself. But there can be no effective social responsibility where there is individual irresponsibility.

The gospel of the kingdom of God does not work from social reformation back to individual redemption, but from saved men forward to saved society. The parable of the Leaven should be read with the parable of the Rich Fool. The leaven of personal salvation by the gospel of God is to permeate and lift the whole lump. "Ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt has lost its savor—what then?"

The church, "the Beloved Community," is built by Christ upon such as confess his name and accept his way. But also it is written of the church so founded that "all that believed were together, and had all things common; and they sold their possession and goods, and parted them to all, according as any man had need. And the Lord added to them day by day those that were saved." The world-transforming society of the New Testament is a society of conviction before it is a society of action. It is futile to plan for social redemption while at the same time we disregard personal redemption. The gospel is more than a message or a way. It is a life. Christian society must be more than an aggregation of individuals bound together in a bundle of ideas and projects. Life is transmitted in blood through individuals by a tremendous transaction.

A NEW MAN, THE NEED

Regeneration is the new creation both of the new man and the new society. "Except one be born anew, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Except men be born anew there will be no kingdom of God to see. Changed conditions wait upon changed lives. Only the undimmed vision of the ageless but contemporary Christ can prevent life from becoming "a long headache in a noisy street."

One of the strangest paradoxes of our times is aroused conscience and directed passion for social reformation which shall go to the centers of economic and political life but accompanied by no message that has power to change the individual at the centers of thought and emotion and out to the last frontier of personality.

A writer in a recent issue of Harpers' Magazine calls our attention to the fact that the League of Nations and treaties for peace and disarmament remain inoperative in the relations of nations because the leaders of nations, who alone can make them operative, are not personally committed to them. They were signed but not in the blood of men. Glenn Frank, in his "Thunder and Dawn," hurls into the midst of our conferences for social reformation the arresting phrase, "You cannot build a great civilization around sleazy individuals."

A great America can be made only by great Americans. Aliens do not promote national ideals. The Declaration of Independence on parchment cannot procure "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." True liberty is the fullest opportunity of self-realization. No written constitution, however noble, can do that for us. There are too many who are trying to reconcile a state of social democracy to a condition of individual anarchy. Self-government is the foundation of social security and well-being. Jesus said "The kingdom of God is within you." So also is a free, enduring and just society.

The two greatest thoughts which ever expanded the mind of man are that "God was in Christ" and that

"Christ is in men." "The glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ" is the supreme revelation of eternal love and power. A Christlike man is the highest of which human nature is capable. A Christlike society is the divine event "toward which the whole creation moves."

THE LAW IS NOT ENOUGH

That God is like Christ is information; that God is *in* Christ is revelation. To imitate Christ is the utmost work of man; to be possessed of Christ is the utmost work of the Spirit. Paul had discovered that zeal for the law was not enough. There could be no keeping of the law until it was incarnate; until it was obeyed not by punctilious observance but by a self-realizing spirit. It must be so in all enduring social reformation.

The Emancipation Proclamation freed the body of the slave. It did not free his mind and soul, nor release him from the cruel bondage of social ostracism and discrimination. The prohibition amendment did not take away appetite and greed. Treaties for the abrogation of war do not mitigate economic imperialism and commercial aggression. Before an idea or ideal can become effective in social relationships it must be dominant in individuals.

Great reformations in society are pang-born and flame-born in leaders who incarnate the faiths and principles which at last put mankind on the march to some New Canaan. It was so with Jesus. It was so with Paul; with Luther; with Lincoln; with all who have "subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises."

One of the greatest individualists that ever lived cried, "I am crucified with Christ; and it is no longer I that live, but Christ liveth in me." The man died who sought by his own righteousness to save himself. He was not fit to live. And he lived again but it was not himself that lived. It was Christ; Christ's purpose; Christ's love; Christ's spirit. Beyond Damascus Paul was a Christ-conquered and Christ-controlled man. And he changed the world.

EACH MAN IS INHABITED

There are two societies; one within and one without. There are those who live in us and those who live with us. Both societies are subjects of redemption.

"No man lives unto himself." Each of us is a cosmos, a kingdom, a society. Each of us is inhabited; is either densely or sparsely settled. Each is a city or a desert; a highway or a bypath.

I am a part of all that I have met,
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untraveled world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.

In the little Bavarian village of Oberammergau the fronts of the houses are painted with scenes from the Scriptures. The walls are pictured pages from the Old and New Testaments. One literally walks through the Bible, and is greeted on the streets by the familiar characters of the Bible story.

The men and women who take parts in the Passion Play can be identified in the workshops, the marketplace and the homes. That stalwart peasant is Pontius Pilate. You may buy a carving of James, the brother

of the Lord. Yonder is Judas Iscariot in his garden tending the flowers. Mary and Martha are passing into the village church. Let us have tea with Simon Peter or stop for a moment at the door of her house for a chat with Mary, the mother of Jesus. How real they all seem in this little Bavarian Nazareth under the shadow of Mt. Kofel! The Bible characters live again in those simple and devoted peasants.

Who lives in you? What guests are welcomed to the hostel of your heart? What mighty spirits of the wise and good sit with you at the "feasts of reason and the flow of soul"? What caravans from afar drop their costly merchandise in the market place of your mind?

THE SOUL'S DOMAIN

Who come across the posted frontiers of personality, and who stay to become citizens of the sacred kingdom of self? What restrictions do you place on immigration at the ports of entry to your soul's domain? What industries flourish in your crowded days? What harvests wave their golden banners across the broad fields where you till and reap?

Several years ago with a friend I visited a little town in Texas far removed from the railroad. We called at a humble home in a grass-grown street. As we entered the house the first object I noticed was a beautiful grand piano. The father and mother of that home were plain people who had known the hardness of pioneer life on Texas prairies. Oil was discovered on their farm and with oil came prosperity. They had given their daughter the best in education while they themselves continued to live in simple style. She was a graduate of the Boston conservatory of music. We were introduced to this charming daughter. She had brilliant talent. When she played for us the walls of the little house were pushed back and the ceiling lifted until we were entranced in golden palaces of sound. Beethoven, Chopin, Bach, Schubert were there. The place became a rendezvous of the immortals of music. They lived in that humble Texas home.

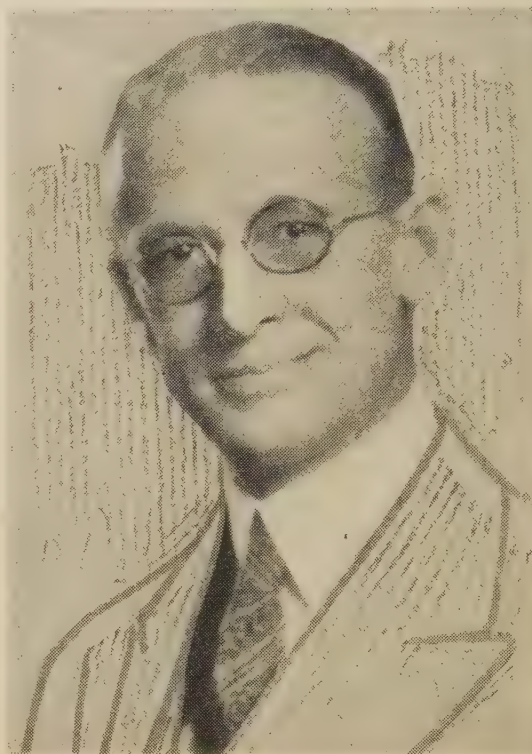
Helen Keller, beleaguered within the citadel of sense, lets the world in through the postern-gates of touch and smell. In "The Story of My Life" she writes: "Sometimes I go rowing without the rudder. It is fun to try to steer by the scent of the watergrasses and lilies, and of bushes that grow on the shore." She touches the lips of a friend and holds conversation across incredible abysses of silence. She puts her marvelously sensitive fingers under the belly of a violin and thrills in ecstasy over "The Hymn to the Sun." Helen Keller has found God in the darkness though others have missed him in the light.

ONE IN THE MIDST

Who lives in you? Who walks with you in the lonely hours? Who talks with you in the silence? Who sits by the hearthstone of your heart and holds communion of the things which cannot be uttered? What memories that "bless and burn" are written in the very structure of your mind? What purposes that throb and thrill point to One who is in the midst, whom ye see not yet is nearer "than breathing and closer than hands and feet"?

Charles Dickens was haunted, waking and sleeping, by the characters that throng his books. In the closing chapter of *David Copperfield* he reviews the bewildering pageant of his imagination. "What faces are the most distinct to me in the fleeting crowd? Lo, these; all turning to me as I ask my thoughts the question!" See them as they pass: Peggotty, Little Emily, Pickwick, Micawber, Sam Weller, *Oliver Twist*, Tiny Tim—they all lived in Dickens before they lived in his books.

What choirs sang in Handel's soul! As he heard for the last time the almost unbearable rapture of the chorus from "The Creation" he pointed upward and cried, "It came from there." Fra Angelico pointing from his



RAPHAEL H. MILLER

knees covered the walls of the monastery with "his embroidered ecstasies upon their background of beaten gold" until he made the cloisters of San Marco like the corridors to heaven.

"Christ liveth in me." And Paul trampled highways for the King of Kings across the Roman empire. What visions of conquests for Christ urged him on so that he could not rest nor be discouraged—some insistent Macedonian appealing to him from across every frontier!

"Christ liveth in me." And Luther hurls his irrevocable decision at the feet of arrogant princes and prelates. "Here I stand. I cannot do other, so help me God." So began the reformation that shattered the dark ages and ushered in the modern world.

"Christ liveth in me." And in our own day Dr. Albert Schweitzer quits the crowded lecture room, steps down from the organ loft made famous by his interpretation of Bach, and goes out to equatorial Africa as a medical missionary. Hear his testimony, as given

in one of his books: "The operation is finished and in the hardly lighted dormitory I watch the sick man's awakening. Scarcely has he recovered consciousness when he stares about him and ejaculates again and again, 'I have no more pain.' His hand feels for mine and will not let it go. Then I begin to tell him and others who are in the room that it is the Lord Jesus who has told the doctor and his wife to come to Igome."

"Christ liveth in me." Hugh Redwood, reporter for a London daily, in January 1928, seeking a "scoop" for his paper, went down along the river front inundated by a disastrous flood. Scores of slum dwellers are drowned. Hundreds are homeless, starving and wretched. He followed a Salvation Army lassie in her tireless, patient ministry of love and mercy. He opened his eyes and saw Jesus in that lassie doing it "unto the least of these." Hugh Redwood found his "scoop" and wrote a best seller, "God in the Slums."

BEHOLD I STAND AND KNOCK

"Christ liveth in me." And Dr. Wilfred Grenfell goes out to frozen Labrador to serve the forgotten fishers of the deep. In hardships continually; in perils often, in cold and weariness, but in full proof of Christ-like ministry, he makes Labrador such an outpost of the kingdom of God that the finest young men of the universities of two continents count hardiness with Dr. Grenfell a coveted honor. When asked to give the secret of his unflagging zeal and abounding joy, Doctor Grenfell answers: "Christ means to me the best kind of a friend, as well as leader who is giving me in this world ten times, nay, the proverbial hundred-fold, as good times as I could enjoy in any other way."

Who lives in you? Who alone has power to save you from the pettiness of self-expression and to guide you to the fulness of self-realization? Who looks out through your eyes upon this dangerous but challenging world? Who faces with you the tremendous issues of economic adjustment and class struggle? Who casts your vote in the far reaching decisions affecting the fundamental institutions of social and political life?

Again he speaks to us out of the confusion of proposals and the strife of tongues: "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

Reason chafes and hope repines while we strain our human faculties in a backyard quest for God and all the time he stands waiting upon the doorstep separated from us by the thickness of the fast barred door of self-will. So completely has the world by unaided wisdom failed to find God, that we reject the mechanics both of mind and matter and turn with new eagerness of expectation to the soul's invincible surmise that

We shall feel when we have put our groping hands away,
And see no longer blinded by our eyes.

No conquest of the world without can compensate for the loss of the world within.

What is a man profited if he gain the whole world of wealth, control the whole universe of power, encompass the whole realm of wisdom, and lose his own soul? For behold, either eternally to gain or eternally to lose, "The kingdom of God is within you."

The Church

By P. H. WELSHIMER

Upon this rock I will build my church. Matthew 16:18.

PETER made the Good Confession when he said: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Jesus replied: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of Hades shall not prevail against it." Peter, the rock man, was not the rock upon which the church is built. Nor was it built upon his confession, but upon the Christ himself, whom Peter had confessed—"For other foundations can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Christ Jesus." The Christ, the immovable Rock, is placed in contrast to Peter, the little stone, who made the confession.

"Church" is a New Testament term. The church is composed of those who are the called-out from the world. Christ was here speaking prophetically. The church had not been built. Isaiah tells us that the word of the Lord should go forth from Jerusalem in the latter days. John the Baptist came preaching that the kingdom of heaven is at hand. The twelve disciples and the seventy so preached. Before the church could be established the new covenant had to be ratified by the blood of Christ. A testament is not in force as long as the testator lives. This kingdom could not be established until the King was crowned. It was necessary for Christ to conquer death before he could claim all authority in heaven and upon earth. He suffered, died and arose from the dead, in order "that repentance and remission of sins could be preached in his name, among all people, beginning in Jerusalem." After the resurrection he tarried forty days before he ascended, "speaking the things concerning the kingdom of God to the apostles." They were admonished to tarry in Jerusalem until they were endued with power from on high. They had been promised the Spirit of Truth, which would guide them into all truth.

The first Pentecost after the resurrection of Jesus finally comes. That day the apostles, his chosen ambassadors, were with one accord in one place. The Holy Spirit came upon them, and they were moved to make known the will of God. Peter, the spokesman, to whom had been promised the keys of the kingdom, proclaimed the lordship of Jesus, and when the day's work was finished three thousand Jews had accepted Jesus as the Christ, and having repented of their sins had been baptized into him. This day the church promised in Matthew 16:18 came into existence, and those disciples "continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine, in fellowship, in the breaking of bread, and in prayers."

THE CREED OF THE CHURCH

The church is a divine institution. It is Christ's church, for he said, "I will build my church." He is the head of the church and is also its foundation. Our knowledge of the churches comes to us through the Acts of the Apostles—the first book of church history, and from the Epistles, in which the inspired writers revealed many conditions that obtained among the followers of Christ in those days.

The creed of the church was the Christ—"the creed that needs no revision." Men who fellowshiped with the saints were Christo-centric. Their faith was not in a system, or a man-made statement concerning Christianity, but in the Christ. Paul said, "I know whom I have believed." Philip preached, unto the Ethiopian, Jesus. Paul said: "I am determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified." Again he said, "We preach Christ." Jesus said, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." John said that Jesus said and did many things not recorded, "but these are written that ye might believe." The church was a unit in its faith in the Christ. The apostles met no controversy among believers concerning the divinity of the Christ, for all who had fellowship together were one in their common faith.

The organization was known as "the church"—Colossians 1:18; the body of Christ—Colossians 1:24; Ephesians 4:12; the church of God—1 Corinthians 15:9; the church of the Lord—Acts 20:28; the general assembly and church of the firstborn—Hebrews 12:23. The local congregations were known as churches of God, and churches of Christ—1 Corinthians 16:1, and Romans 16:16. The members of the church were known as Christians, brethren, disciples, saints, and the elect of God. There was nothing divisive in the name. The church was not a denomination, nor were its members sectarian. It was the one body of Christ. There were congregations of believers in various cities and communities, but they were alike in their faith and doctrine.

Unity obtained within the church and among the churches. There were no overlords: each congregation was led by elders, bishops or overseers, regulated its own affairs and was independent of the denomination of any other congregation. But the churches had fellowship one with another. They cooperated in Christian work. The churches were united in their common purpose, and in the essential things of the gospel. They had the largest liberty. On essentials they were in full agreement, on non-essentials opinion had full sway. There were many controversies in that early day relative to circumcision, the admission of gentiles without being circumcised, but men of God, moved by the Holy Spirit, were soon able to settle these disputes. Wherever the Holy Spirit has his way, unity obtains, for the Spirit is not divisive. He does not claim a doctrine in Antioch contradictory to one proclaimed in Jerusalem or in Ephesus.

CHRIST THE ONLY AUTHORITY

The church of the New Testament recognized the authority of Jesus Christ, who said, "All authority is given to me, in heaven and on earth." He delegated his authority to the apostles, so that when an apostle spoke his word was as binding as the word of the Christ. The Holy Spirit being back of all, made disagreement or misunderstanding on fundamental matters an impossibility.

The discipline of the church was "the apostles' teaching"—Acts 2:42. Paul said: "All scripture given by inspiration of God is profitable for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man

of God may be perfect and thoroughly furnished unto every good work." This teaching was first oral and was later compiled in written form, and comes to us as the New Testament canon.

The church was simple in its organization. The first officers called were deacons—who were servants, and as the original shows, "stirrers up of the dust." They were active servants, called to a function rather than to an office. They were ministers in the material things of the church life and participated also in spiritual matters. Later elders, or bishops—overseers—were appointed, who looked after the spiritual welfare of the flock. There were evangelists and preachers, who preached the word of God. The temporary officers were the apostles, whom the Lord had personally chosen and who had been eye witnesses of the risen Savior. They were prophets who spoke for God and were inspired in their teaching.

The apostles and the prophets had no successors. We now have the word of God, which guides us into all truth.

THE TWO ORDINANCES

There are two ordinances in the church of the New Testament—baptism and the Lord's supper. The church was not built around baptism, nor did its members believe in baptism. They believed in Jesus Christ and were baptized because Christ commanded it. Baptism symbolized the death, burial and resurrection of Christ. It was also symbolic of birth. It was introductory, "for as many as were baptized into Christ did put on Christ." It was associated with faith, repentance, remission of sins, the new creature, the Holy Spirit, salvation and everlasting life. It was ordained of Christ, preached and practiced by the apostles and by those whom the apostles sent forth. They did not preach baptismal regeneration, nor did they believe in it. They preached that men were born of the water and of the Spirit, begotten by the Spirit, born of the water. They preached the word of God; the word of God was given by the Spirit; the word was the Spirit's message; it produced faith, created love, led to repentance and to confession, and brought one into obedience in baptism to Christ's great command. The believers met the Lord where he promised to meet them, and had faith to believe that the Lord would do all he had promised to do, when they did what he commanded them to do. In the church that Christ established, baptism was the burial in water of a penitent believer, by the authority of Jesus Christ, into the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, for the remission of sins.

The Lord's supper was given by Christ to his disciples as a beautiful memorial. He said: "As often as ye do eat of this loaf and drink of this cup, do it in remembrance of me." And again: "Ye do show forth the Lord's death until he come." The Lord's supper is a remembrancer. Jesus gave it—"lest we forget." There was nothing mystical about it. It was just a simple memorial, given as a means to an end—an aid to memory. "The disciples came together upon the first day of the week to break bread."

Conversion in the church that Jesus established was

a natural, logical process. God created the mind of man, and he knows what that mind needs. Man was at enmity with God, and Jesus Christ was sent to bring about reconciliation. He came to manifest the Father. The gospel—"the power of God unto salvation"—is God's means of changing the mind of man and thereby reconciling man unto himself. The gospel is the story of the Christ. When preached on Pentecost and throughout those years when men were guided by the Holy Spirit, the word proclaimed created faith in the Christ, produced godly sorrow, which brought about repentance, led men to gladly confess their faith in the Christ, and brought them to obedience to Christ in

even as he and the Father are one, "that the world may believe that thou hast sent me."

UNITY, THE GREAT NEED

The evangelization of the world depends upon a united church. For more than a hundred years that unity found among the churches of the New Testament obtained. Then there came a gradual departure from the apostolic teaching, and after four centuries had gone by we find an institution marching under the colors of the church, which is quite different in polity and doctrine from the church established by our Lord. Early in the sixteenth century the Protestant movement was a voice protesting against the existing order. Great principles were advanced by various leaders, and around these different principles religious bodies crystalized. They divided and subdivided until today we have our multiplicity of denominations. Early in the last century Thomas Campbell, his son Alexander, and other co-laborers, coming from different denominations, accepted the task of going back of Augsburg, Westminster, Constantinople and Rome, back to Antioch and to Jerusalem. They believed the evangelization of the world depended upon the restoration of the church of the New Testament in polity, in doctrine and in life. It was not their intention to add another denomination to the large number already existing. They believed that a divided church is contrary to the teaching of Christ and his apostles. Their purpose was to exalt Christ above party and his word above all human creeds, to rebuild the Church of Christ without denominational name, man-written creed, or other barrier to Christian unity, whose terms of fellowship shall be as broad as the conditions of salvation, and identical with them. They sought to lead sinners to Christ in the clear light of the New Testament teaching and example. On nonessentials they admitted the largest liberty, on essentials an appeal was made to the New Testament. The slogan adopted was: "Where the Bible speaks we speak, and where the Bible is silent we are silent."

If the church described in the New Testament was brought into existence and directed by the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and if that church through the Spirit's teaching had a creed, a name, a polity, a uniform plan of receiving members into fellowship, and observed definite ordinances, is it not possible, knowing those things, to reproduce that church today? And if the Holy Spirit placed its stamp of approval upon the church described in the New Testament, are we expecting too much if we believe the Holy Spirit will again approve of the church of the same pattern?

AN UNCHANGING GOSPEL

The church that Jesus built taught men to worship, to give, to lend themselves to benevolence, to evangelize the world, to show brotherly kindness; it trained men in good citizenship, proclaimed peace among men, and developed the Christian character.

The gospel is unchanging. What it did for men of the first century it is expected to do for men today, and if permitted it will in the lives of our common humanity run and be glorified.



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Christian baptism. Thus faith changed their way of thinking, repentance their way of living, love changed their affections, confession proclaimed their new stand, and baptism changed their state. Thus there was complete change of heart. One having taken these steps was in the true sense of the word converted.

The Great Commission stipulates the terms of salvation. All apostolic preaching was in conformity to the Great Commission.

There was no question concerning the terms of admission into the church. The gospel as proclaimed by the preachers of the first century contained facts to be believed, commands to be obeyed, promises to be enjoyed, and threatenings to be avoided.

The King's marching orders sent the church into the world that the world by it might be evangelized. The commission was: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel unto every creature." Christ's prayer as recorded in the seventeenth chapter of John, looking forward to worldwide evangelization, voiced the necessity of unity; for he prayed that they might be one,

In the Sanctuary

BY GEORGE A. CAMPBELL

It was too painful for me; until I went into the sanctuary of God. . . . Psalm 73:16, 17.

THIS preacher-poet, deeply sorrowing and perplexed, found solution for his problems in the sanctuary—meaning, I take it, the assembly of worshipers. All ministers might be considered his successors.

In this day multitudes of sorrowing souls, confused and distracted, tramp through the minister's heart. A constant procession of faces wet with tears pass through his study. He must not become calloused to the bruised and broken friends who press upon him. Their griefs become his own. How can he endure the sufferings of so many? How shall he live through it all? And can he possibly find a word of cheer and victory?

The minister, too, has sorrows of his own. He often seems to have no message. How often have we dropped our buckets into wells without water! Our souls grope for reality and cry out seemingly in vain for the Living God. What could be more painful—commissioned to speak for God, but God not speaking to him!

But there is a sanctuary in his own soul. That sanctuary is not for long silent. Above the noises of the din and strife he hears the call of the divine, and that divine voice calls him to the sanctuary of the communion of the saints. The sanctuary of his own soul begins to be warmed by the vision of the sanctuary filled with a congregation molded into one by a transcendent love, by a constant faith, and by an unconquerable hope. After doubt of himself, after hesitation over the perplexities that have assailed him, by the abiding faith that overcomes doubts, by his ordination committing him once and for all to the Highest, by this response to those waiting in the sanctuary he finds himself at the door about to enter.

WHERE GOD REVEALS HIMSELF

It is a dramatic moment when the minister pauses for a moment with his hand upon the knob of the door leading into the sanctuary. Well might he pause, well might he turn back, but in prayer he goes forward, goes forward to the waiting assembly, goes forward into the place where prayer is wont to be made, into holy ground sanctified by blessed memories, by the joy of forgiveness and by the tears of repentance. Here is a mystical experience that awes, inspires and humbles. This is where God and he most intimately meet. It is the trysting place of two lovers. He cannot remain with his hand upon the door. He wills to enter, for there is compulsion laid upon him. He goes forward and reverently opens the Bible, the gift of the ages and through which God has been trying to reveal himself to his groping children.

It never ceases to be a moment of spiritual thrill to me when I open the Bible, a sacrament indeed. Its spirit seems to become my spirit, its eternity my eternity, its cross my cross, its salvation my salvation, its authority my authority. With that open Bible there comes new assurance that the everlasting gospel is going to be taken by the Holy Spirit and used to revivify saint

and sinner and to glorify the Name that is above every name. What a gathering faces the minister! God's Spirit is brooding over the congregation. Many are opening their hearts to the divine afflatus. The man in the pulpit feels strangely warmed. There is a mystical *plus*. Something is added to every soul present, and something too to the whole. This is not an ordinary gathering. It is marvelous, divine, one fraught with tremendous possibilities. Anything might happen. Man has come to ask, God has come to give. Man has come to knock; God has come to open. Man has come to seek; God has come to find him. Some mystical influence passes from soul to soul; and some mystical help has passed from the congregation up to the minister and he feels himself anointed to preach. A coal of fire has touched his lips and purged his soul.

In this mood he arises and says, "Let us worship God." What a moment! What a sentence! Those words have been blessed through the Christian ages, in the field, in barn, in cottage, in catacomb, in chapel, in cathedral. Wherever spoken they have confirmed the preacher-psalmist. Until he went into the sanctuary life was too painful to him. But the sanctuary transformed him.

WORSHIP IS CENTRAL

"Let us worship God!" The worship service is central. It transforms not only the minister, but also every worshiper. Nothing can take its place. The church has ever gone forward in proportion as its members have sincerely gathered to worship. Today there is fierce competition. Every automobile, every strip of concrete is a temptation to spend the weekend far from the accustomed church. But no rapture over sea, mountain or landscape will take the place of praise in the sanctuary. Were there ever so many allurements to draw us away from worship as today? And these allurements are mostly innocent. Worship today is threatened more by things that are innocent in themselves than by highly sinful things.

"Let us worship God." There is a tendency today to overenergize and overorganize our religion. I am pastor of a church that is highly organized. Several hundred people have distinct functions to perform. And this is well. A member is more likely to be held if he has the sense of being useful. But the deep things of his soul cannot be satisfied by doing chores about the church. He needs to come into the sanctuary and be lost in "wonder, love and praise."

Within the church itself there is much competition with the sanctuary. It is common knowledge that many persons are more loyal to the big Sunday school class (God bless it!) than to the sanctuary. Why should they not be? The class has many people exhorting to attend it, while the sanctuary in many cases has none. Protestantism is sorely in need of real instruction in regard to worship, being the central service and function of the church. We shall be lean souls if we neglect the sanctuary which down through the ages has exalted God and lifted man to the mountain-top of communion with him.

Worship must be intelligent, in spirit and in truth, but we cannot Christianize by mere information. We

are made by our visions of the eternal, by our communion with Christ—and these we get in worship. All our factual matters should be augmented by the flight of the soul to its home, God the Father, the alone to the Alone. Thus I believe that children as well as older people might well be together in the central service. R. S. Simpson writes: "I do not think that lasting influence is produced upon children by artificial efforts to make certain parts of the service bright and interesting. I think the great impression made upon a child's mind in early years in the public worship of God comes from the atmosphere, the tradition, the subtle consciousness of the whole service, and for that reason I can never feel that they are wise who withdraw their children from worshipping *with* their parents at the common worship in the church of God."

GIVING THE PEOPLE "WHAT THEY WANT"

Let us worship God by bringing an offering to him. Worship is first an offering. We bring ourselves to the altar of dedication and surrender all to God. Protestantism has too often looked to the service of the church for entertainment, for arousal, for something like jazz music, for a popular preacher. The church with its divine word has too often succumbed to the demand to give the people what they want. We need to banish this idea of entertainment and to come to the worship service not so much concerned with receiving as making an offering. Of course when we do this we shall receive more abundantly. In the two millenniums of the church not a single substitute for the sanctuary has been found. The stability and permanence of the church rest on the fellowship of its mem-

bers gathered for quiet, unostentatious worship. The early church sensed the supreme importance of the weekly meeting of the saints and sounded forth the exhortation: "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together." The regular worshiper is a pillar in the temple of his God. The absentee is a menace to the church. The most threatening danger to Christianity today is the sub-Christian. If all church members who are far out on the margins should move into the center, the church would stir the world to righteousness.

Let us worship God that the demon of despair may be driven from the human heart. The names of those who are discouraged in this stressful day is legion. Let the downhearted enter the sanctuary, feel there the spirit of quiet gladness and reverence. Let him give himself to the great hymns of Zion—how wonderful they are! be attentive to the sermon which always should be regarded as an integral part of worship. Let him say to himself: "I belong to this church and I belong, too, to God," and immediately his personality is purified, enhanced and empowered. If he be downcast he will find consolation; if he be beside himself because of loss of material possessions he will come to balance the eternal against the temporary; if in his distraction he has cried out the everlasting "Why?" he will be led to calm his spirit by surrendering his feverish mind to him who alone knows the answer; if tempted to do some rash deed he will find restraining power; if he has given up hope and lost confidence and initiative, the sanctuary has the power to heal and transform. Hale White (Mark Rutherford) writes: "I should like to add one more beatitude to those of the gospels and to say: 'Blessed are those who heal us of our self-

A Pastoral Prayer

BY EDWARD SCRIBNER AMES

O GOD, whom we often seek afar when Thou art near, whom we behold in so many forms yet do not see, may we more clearly know Thee and more worthily serve Thee. We may call Thy name and fail to do Thy will, but if we follow in the ways of love and sympathy, we shall find Thee whether or not we know the names by which men worship Thee. Teach us faith in natural goodness, in the love which rises in our human hearts for our children, for our friends, and for those in need around us. We rejoice in their gratitude and in their effort to share in turn with others the good gifts of life.

May all teachers, employers, physicians, workers and keepers of any trust find joy in their work, the joy of a service which becomes divine because it is a bearer of life. Open the eyes of those who do not see the magnitude of the little, homely things they do. Grant pity for those who miss the measureless meaning of simple things in a selfish quest for the outward and corruptible things which pass away. May the prophets of the religion of Jesus Christ more deeply know his spirit and understand his words of wisdom and of life. Unite them in a vision of his kingdom and in labor for its power and

fruition among the children of men. May churches be houses of refuge and of joy, light-towers of truth and dispensers of mercy.

In the common toil of the day which creates bread, and which fashions the materials of the world into use and beauty, help the worker to find companionship with forces on which he depends and without which his labor comes to naught. May he see with wonder and with awe the common clay which he forms into the loveliness of enduring symbols. In the bonds of comradeship in daily tasks, in the happiness of friendships at the evening hour, and in the life men live in imagination and faith, may the divine be found warm and luminous with its holy flame.

Enable us to realize the infinite power of this hunger and thirst after righteousness, its power to displace all lesser things, to discipline our souls to greater knowledge and wiser counsels, and to shape the course of nations and of all mankind toward a fuller measure of justice, love and peace.

So may we be more worthy followers of Jesus and helpers in the building of the kingdom of heaven on earth. Amen.

despisings.' Of all services which can be done to man, I know of none more precious." That is exactly what the sanctuary does.

How well I remember how an utterly distraught man was set upon his feet through the sanctuary: his face was turned to the sky. This changed man till the day of his death declared, and lived as he declared: "The Eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms."

Let us worship God in order to save the world. Worship in the sanctuary is social; we worship with others. The family spirit is cultivated—"each for all and all



GEORGE A. CAMPBELL

for each." The family of the Lord weeps with those who weep and rejoices with those who rejoice. Christian worship is corporate. The grammar is plural. It is "we," "our," "us." All are bound together in a common love and in a common person.

The cross is at the center of the sanctuary. There is no detour from the cross in Christian worship. The cross is love, mighty love, wrathful love against all unrighteousness. The worshipers ought to go forth to remake the world. Newton D. Baker wonders what becomes of all the pins manufactured—and also what becomes of all the college graduates. Why don't they make a better world? We might wonder the same about church members. But are they not still the salt of the earth, the light of the world? Do they not keep the world from going to pieces? Are they not the remnant standing for the salvation of our God?

There arise before me the figures of a dozen leaders, the most potent in America, crying for the banishment of social injustice, of war and all sins of lesser breed. Every one of these leaders is the product of the sanctuary.

The "social gospel" will be mighty as it gets its dynamic from worship. The first commandment is still first. The disciples went first to the mount and then carried their message down to the street of distressed and defeated humanity.

THERE AM I IN THE MIDST

Let us worship God in the sanctuary because Christ is there. (In this we have an immeasurable advantage over the Psalmist.) "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst." My hand trembles as I write that tremendous word of the Master; my voice trembles when I utter it; my soul staggers before it. Nothing needs to be known about worship; nothing needs to be written save these words which fell from the lips of him who spake as never man spake. This word of his embraces all that is to be said. Worship is an offering, but Christ is present to give a blessing to every soul present and just the blessing each needs; and most of all he is there to give himself. "He loved me and gave himself for me." May we not say he is especially present in the communion service? How awesome is that service! "This is my body," "this is my blood"—these are statements, no matter what meaning is given them, to arrest and hold the soul enthralled. The Roman Catholics take the words literally. Their view helps to create a profound reverence in their churches. The best attended session at the annual convention of the Disciples of Christ is the communion service. There is no speaker. It might be well to have the deep meaning of the Lord's supper interpreted by men who, loving Christ with a consuming passion, have long pondered on the significance of his death. We seem to have been afraid of forming a philosophy of this sacrament, and perhaps also of baptism. But surely we believe in his presence, his actual presence. It is his table. He is the giver of the supper. The emblems are of his choosing and speak of his deathless love. He presides at the feast. And, oh, with what entreaty and with what tenderness! It is the love on Calvary repeated; but with its ignominy turned into triumph, does not his presence proclaim that death has been swallowed up in victory?

Have you not felt his presence? Have you not at times reached out your hand to touch him? Have you not in the breaking of bread felt the inspiration of the cross pulsating through your very soul, and then have you not heard him speaking to you—"Peace, joy, life, yea, life that is eternal"?

Let me say no more to you, "Let us worship God." You have seen him and therefore are left no choice but to worship him.

Lincoln

WHO builds of stone a shrine to bear his name,
Shall be forgot when months and years have
flown;

Who writes his name upon the scroll of fame,

The centuries shall find to men unknown;

But who for fellow-men endured the shame

Shall have eternal glory for his own.

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.

The Church and the Children

By L. O. BRICKER

SEVERAL years ago, on going back to my old home in the Valley of Virginia, I went into the little old church and sat alone in the pew where as a child I had always sat with my parents and the other children of our household. Among the earliest recollections of my childhood is that of waking up there in my mother's arms, seeing the people all around me, the preacher in the pulpit, and wondering what it was all about.

As I sat there that day I fell to thinking upon the neighborhood boys I had grown up with, my chums and school fellows; how one, here and there, had gone on through college, and was now located in this and that place, in this and that profession and occupation; but how most of them had stayed right there, becoming farmers and laborers as their fathers had been.

Musing upon it all, I suddenly asked myself how it had happened that I alone, of all the boys of the community, had become a minister of Christ? There had never been a minister in all the known generations of my family. Where did the impulse come from? What was the source of the vision and ideal? What had turned my mind and heart to spiritual and religious things, and where had it happened?

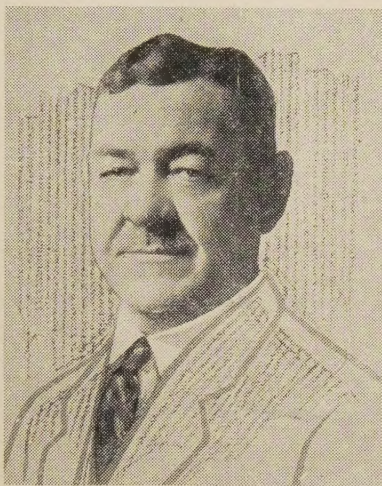
● *The Dawn of Spiritual Consciousness*

I had no sooner asked myself these questions than I discovered that the answer was right there. It had all come to me as a child, sitting with my family in the accustomed pew in that little old church. I could not recall anything that any preacher had said from the pulpit; but I could remember with clear distinction the dawning of my spiritual consciousness, the awareness of God, the reality of worship, and the rising within me of religious convictions, impulses and emotions. I knew then just what it was that had given to me what I had. I knew where and how I had received the things that made me what I was. It had all come to me as a child, sitting in the service of worship in the house of God.

I wondered if other men had had a like experience. So, on returning to Atlanta, I wrote a letter which I addressed to thirty outstanding religious leaders in the English-speaking world, scattered over the five continents. In this letter I asked these questions: Where did you get the thing you've got? What was the place and source of your vision? Where and

how did the consciousness of God come to you? What happened, and where did it happen, that gave you your religious outlook, and turned your mind and life into the channels of spiritual and humanitarian service?

I received thirty immediate replies. Many of these leaders acknowledged their debt to the influence of the religion of their parents. Others wrote of the influence upon them of certain



L. O. BRICKER

individuals, teachers in school and college. (It was a striking fact that not one of them mentioned the Sunday school as having had any place or part in the religious content of their lives.) But, as if they had all got together, discussed the matter and arrived at a common conclusion, each man testified that the spiritual content of his life, the reality and determinative quality of his religion, came to him as a child, sitting in the service of worship in the house of God. And many of them went on to add that this church of their childhood had been a quiet and beautiful place.

● *Church versus Sunday School*

It came upon me, with a sense of shock and condemnation, that we ministers of today are denying to our children the supreme spiritual opportunity that was given to us in our childhood. We have substituted the Sunday school for the church. We have elaborated it with all manner of paraphernalia and contraptions to make it interesting and enticing to the children. Then we take all of the time they are willing to give on Sunday

morning and use it up in the Sunday school. Then they go home. The church, as such, never knows them. Even, when at the age of ten or twelve years, and on some special occasions, most of them become members of the church, it means nothing at all to them. For, instead of thereafter attending the morning service of worship, they just keep on going to Sunday school—until they at last are fed up with it and drop out.

Meanwhile the church, with its divinely ordained service of worship, with its mystical way of imparting religious reality, religious impulse and moral restraint, with its power to inspire religious vision and devoutness, and to develop the religious nature of the child, has never had a chance with that child.

The children never have got, and are not getting, any real religion in the Sunday school; as witness the reports from the juvenile courts all over America—that ninety per cent of the juvenile delinquents have been regular attendants at Sunday school. On the other hand, how many of us can tell of the moral restraint that the religion we received in worship had over our lives in our youth! Real religion is mediated in worship, and in worship only. What is mainly wrong with the present generation of young people is that they have no religion. From their infancy they have been strangers to the place and the hour and the means where and whereby religion is imparted. And for none of it are they responsible. We ministers, in substituting the man-made Sunday school for the divine Church of Christ, are responsible.

● *Putting the Children at the Center*

When a dream of twenty years was crowned with the building of a magnificent gothic church in Atlanta, and the forming of a new congregation, I had the opportunity of re-centering my whole ministry. The motto adopted for Peachtree church was this: "The most important people about this church are the children." I decided that the great chancel window should be known as "The Children's Window," and during the four years of building of the sanctuary every child in the congregation was gathering money for this window. The window in its three central panels portrays the lordship of Christ, while the four outside panels are filled with children looking up reverently to the central Figure. Underneath is the inscription:

"This Window was Given by the Children, by Lovers of Children, and in Memory of Children." This window, which forms the jeweled setting of the sanctuary, keeps ever before the eyes of the worshipers our sense of the place and importance of the child in the life of the church.

From the time Peachtree church was dedicated, the tower chimes have been rung in honor of, and heralding the advent of, every little child born into our church family. This is a part of our regular Sunday morning order of worship, the calendar always carrying the announcement. So popular has this custom become that hundreds of families of other communions, including Roman Catholics, have requested the ringing of the bells for their children. The calendar for last Sunday had this announcement: "The Tower chimes will ring this morning heralding the birth, on October 14, of Paul Killian, baby son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul K. McCash of Hartford, Connecticut, and grandson of Mrs. Barton Stone McCash."

Twice a year we have in Peachtree church a service of "Presentation of Children," when the little children of

our own church family are brought by their parents and formally presented unto God in the sanctuary, as the child Jesus was presented unto God in the temple in Jerusalem.

From that time on, Peachtree church takes over the spiritual guardianship of these children. At the age of seven years they are received into the Junior choir where they are gowned and surpliced exactly like the chancel and antiphonal choirs. And thereafter they have their regular place in the processional, and in the morning and evening services of the church, at stated times. They now number more than one hundred, and their processional is a moving sight.

Making Children Church-Conscious

The real meaning of our entire policy is revealed when these children express their desire to become members of the church. They are first carefully instructed by one of the ministers in the meaning, duties and obligations of church membership. And one of these obligations—that of regular and habitual attendance at the

morning services of the church—is made plain to them. They are explicitly told that, after becoming members of the church, their attendance at Sunday school is optional and elective. But their attendance at the morning service is not optional. It is one of their high duties and obligations. And until they are ready to assume and faithfully fulfill this duty and obligation, they are not permitted to become members of the church.

The fruit of this policy and training is that our children are church-conscious. Peachtree church is thronged with children. Their reverence for the sanctuary is beautiful to behold, and their quietness and devoutness throughout the entire service is an example to the casual visitor. Now that they see what Peachtree church is doing for the children, the devotion and consecration to the church on the part of the elder members has increased a thousand-fold. They know that they are serving and giving to an institution that will live and live increasingly. The motto with which Peachtree church began its life is already fulfilled—the most important people about Peachtree are the children.

TITLES AND TEXTS

What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

- GEORGE A. FREEMAN, Washington Avenue Methodist, Little Rock, Ark. "Civilization's Greatest Asset." 1. Cor. 2:16—"We have the mind of Christ."
- WILLIAM R. HOLDER, First Christian, Bonham, Texas. "Right is Might." Rom. 8:36, 37—"We are killed all the day long . . . we are more than conquerors."
- ELDON A. RAMIGE, Congregational, Oakland, Ia. "A New Deal in Religion." John 13:12—"The works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto the Father."
- HAROLD S. GIFFEN, United Presbyterian, Shushan, N. Y. "Something Greater than Religion." Matt. 12:6—"Something greater than the temple is here."
- A. W. BARKER, Calvary United, Windsor, Ont., Can. "Laws, Lives and Lyrics." Psalm 119:54—"Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage."
- MARTIN D. KEELER, Ridgeview Community Presbyterian, West Orange, N. J. "Spiritual Renovation." Rom. 13:14—" . . . put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ."

- FRANKLIN D. ELMER, JR., First Baptist, DeKalb, Ill. "Pioneer, What of Today?" Gen. 12:7—"And there he builded an altar unto the Lord."
- OTTO LIEBNER, Bethlehem Methodist, Evansville, Ind. "The Alpha and Omega of Our Profession." Acts 22:10—"What shall I do, Lord?" Acts 26:19—"I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision."
- MCELWEE ROSS, First United Presbyterian, McKeesport, Pa. "Reconditioned." Psalm 23:3—"He restoreth my soul."
- PAUL D. KENNEDY, First Christian, Fayetteville, Ark. "Souls from Star Dust." Rom. 8:22—"For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth until now." Rom. 8:18—"For I reckon that the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."
- CLYDE W. ROBBINS, First Baptist, Westboro, Mass. "The Great Delusion" (Temperance sermon). Matt. 15:13—"Every plant which my Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up."

FOR YOUR SERMON AND TEXT

Title of sermon

Text used (Write out the text)

Name of minister

Name of church

Address

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The March and April Numbers of the Pulpit

The March issue of The Christian Century Pulpit will be a general number and will include seven sermons in keeping with the Lenten season; also a Preacher Problems article of genuine helpfulness. The April issue will be the special Protestant Episcopal number.

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

The Event of the Month

LIKE everybody else I, too, have been anticipating the opening of congress with a feeling that there would be something decisive in the President's message, something which would indicate whether his purpose was wavering or still held firm. It is pretty hard for the country to take Mr. Roosevelt's policies as a definitive expression of deep conviction. That is because he never gave a hint of such views during his campaign. But his address at the opening of congress and his subsequent communications, especially his demand for social security legislation, should remove all doubt from our minds as to his purpose to go right on trying to reform capitalism. The only question is, can capitalism be reformed? That is to say, if you load upon industry the burden of social responsibility which the President insists it shall carry, can you hope to get the wheels of industry turning again? If you insist, as Mr. Roosevelt does, upon staying inside the framework of the private-owned, profit-motivated system, will not the social burden—old-age pensions, unemployment insurance, etc.—added to the tax burdens which business has to pay, and all this added to the numerous regulations with which new deal legislation has restricted competition and profit making—if you put this burden upon business can you hope that there will be left sufficient margin for the play of the profit motive? I gravely doubt it. But I am still going along with Mr. Roosevelt! He is conducting a great university; the nation is his laboratory; and we are all getting an education in economics which we could not get from books or by abstract thinking. The educational value of the new deal is beyond calculation. The fact that the American people have sufficient patience to cooperate with Mr. Roosevelt's fundamental experimentation is a high tribute to their democracy.

The Book of the Month

INTOLERANCE, by Winfred Ernest Garrison. Round Table Press, New York, \$2.50.

CAN anybody in these piping times of lenient and indifferent and indefinite thinking say a good word for intolerance? Isn't intolerance one of the chief sins for which religious people especially have to ask forgiveness? And can we hope to make progress toward brotherhood and carry any kind of intolerance along with us? Dr. Garrison has written a book which makes out a good case for intolerance as a Christian virtue! Not all intolerance, mark you, but one aspect of it. Tolerance is not always a virtue. It sometimes is a mere alibi for not doing one's duty. When, then, is intolerance a vice, and when is it a virtue? Dr. Garrison explains intolerance as an aspect of our human group life: it is "the fundamental response" to whatever threatens the stability and security of the group. The same group may be intolerant in one set of conditions and tolerant in another. The early Christians for three centuries

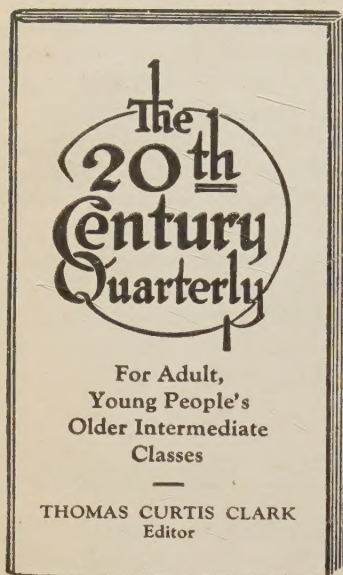
were highly tolerant, but after Constantine the church developed and practiced sharp intolerance against heresy of every kind that threatened the unity of the body. Dr. Garrison passes in review the Catholic-Protestant, the church-state, the White-Negro, the Jew-Gentile conflicts with their associated intolerances, and discusses specific issues like prohibition, birth control, divorce, economic reforms and international relations in which distinctions have to be made between unreasoning prejudice and truth-loving zeal. His rich historical knowledge combines with his broad awareness of contemporary movements and events to make Dr. Garrison the ideal author of a book on this vital subject.

A Thought for the Month

ONE of the most reassuring signs amid our present theological and religious confusion is the fact that there exists such a stout body of resistance to those proposals which offer a short-cut or artificial solution of our religious problem. In a period like this, such proposals are bound to emerge. The religious mind, when it is hard pressed, is notoriously susceptible to artificial suggestions.

Weird forms of revivalism appear. Obscurantist forms of theology spring up. Such a period has always been the open season for every variety of mysticism. Reason and the critical temper are scorned, and a premium is put upon the alleged irrationality of religious faith and experience. In such periods, the church has tended weakly to yield to the pressure of desperate measures designed to galvanize religion into apparent vitality. But though we are in the sixth year of the present depression, and though religion is sore beset, the church has not lost its balance, its common sense, its power to estimate critically the proposals which inevitably emerge in such a period. This, I say, is profoundly reassuring. It indicates the degree in which the spirit of religion has been permeated by the scientific spirit. This is not to say that the church has not been tempted, for quite the contrary is the fact. With Buchmanism in the realm of personal piety, and Barthianism in the realm of theology, and neo-Thomism in the realm of social idealism, to name no others, the religious mind confronts three plausible and formidable proposals of escape from the responsibility of realistic dealing with its problem. But while there are some who have been caught off-guard by these and other appeals to the irrational, the number is not large and the general effect upon the church has not been seriously disquieting. Steadily religion seems to be emancipating itself from that spiritual opportunism which has allowed its message and its apologetic to be determined by the temporary mood of a period or an era. This is just another way of saying that the gulf between religion and science is gradually being bridged.

Charles Clayton Morrison



NOW IN ITS SEVENTEENTH
YEAR OF SERVICE

These Men Make The 20th Century Quarterly

HERBERT L. WILLETT, Jr. Formerly professor in the American University, Beirut, Syria. His department in the Quarterly, "Clearing Up Difficult Points."

ALBERT BUCKNER COE. Minister of the leading church in Congregationalism (First, Oak Park, Chicago). His department, "At Grips With the Lesson."

JOHN R. EWERS. Vital and dynamic minister of the East End Church of Disciples in Pittsburgh. "The Lesson Brought Down to Date" is his department.

ROY L. SMITH. Minister of the First Methodist Church of Los Angeles, and widely famed for his syndicated "Sentence Sermons." His department, "Pointers."

STANLEY I. STUBER. Journalist-minded preacher, contributor to many magazines. Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Clifton Springs, N. Y. Mr. Stuber conducts "The Lesson Forum."

HUGH THOMSON KERR. Minister of the Shadyside Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh; preacher to students; former Moderator of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. Dr. Kerr contributes the "Prayer Thought."

548 SUNDAY SCHOOLS have, this quarter, and for the first time, adopted THE 20TH CENTURY QUARTERLY for use in their Intermediate, Young People's and Adult Classes, for 1935. Located in practically every state in the country, these schools represent an interesting cross-section of American Protestantism. Here is a partial list of the many denominations represented:

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